

## GUNMEN'S FUNERALS EXCITE EAST SIDE

Morbid Thousands Choke Streets to See Corteges on Way to Burial.

CROWDS ARE BITTER THAT BECKER LIVES

Bodies of the Four Men Brought from Sing Sing—Hard for the Police to Keep Order.

The East Side declared a half holiday yesterday to receive the bodies of "Lefty Louie" and "Whitey Lewis." At noon the crowds began to assemble, and by the middle of the afternoon thousands of persons were in the vicinity of the home of "Lefty Louie's" mother-in-law, 296 Grand st., and the undertaking place of Hirsch & Schwartz, 30 Willett st., where the funeral of "Whitey Lewis" was to be held.

Both places are in the precinct covered by the Clinton st. station, and Captain Connor had a busy afternoon. At nightfall the crowds were just as large as if the "show" wasn't over. The body of Jacob Seidenbush was taken over the Williamsburg Bridge shortly after 3 o'clock, and through a megaphone Captain O'Connor announced again and again that "Lefty" would be buried from his father's home, in The Bronx, and would not be taken to the home where his wife has been living since his arrest.

Apparent to any one mingling in the crowd was the sentiment that though the boys had come to an untimely end, yet they had belonged to the East Side. Of Becker, on the other hand, there was only malediction. "Why should they kill our boys," they cried, "and let Becker live?"

Crowd Blocks Streetcars.

So great was the press in Grand st. that the car line traffic was practically at a standstill. From Eldridge to Allen sts. the jam nearly filled the street from house front to house front. The police dispersed the crowd time and again, and finally restored normal conditions when the word passed along that the funeral of "Whitey" was on its way to Mount Zion Cemetery, in Maspeth. Then the curious flocked to the Williamsburg Bridge plaza, still in Captain O'Connor's precinct, however.

He had been in personal charge down in narrow Willett st., between Delancey and Rivington. Louis Hirsch had gone to Sing Sing in the morning to get the body of Seidenbush. He returned at 2:25 and reached his place of business with difficulty. His auto undertaker's wagon stalled in the street several times in the press. The family of the gunman had been in the little shop some time, they, too, having been hard put to it to reach the place. The parents of the Rosenthal slayer, his two sisters and three brothers were in the party.

Twelve reserves, all the captain could spare, were tossed about in the crowd like so many bits of cork on a choppy sea. Once the body was in the combination stable and garage which the undertakers maintain the police were harder pressed than ever. It seemed that all the three thousand people in the street wanted to bust into the stable to look at the body of the man who had sat in the electric chair less than ten hours before. Their clamor drowned the sobs and wailing of the parents and sisters of the dead man.

In fact, the family of "Whitey" made an effort to control their grief and so hysterical did the mother and sisters become that it was only by supreme effort on the part of the three sons that they were kept up while the body was being prepared for burial. This done, it was placed in a plain coffin and put in a hearse of the old-fashioned kind, with curtained sides. Father, mother and the sisters went in the first carriage and the brothers in the second.

Throng Bares Heads.

As the procession passed into the street the crowd fell back with bared heads. The hearse and carriages then proceeded to Rivington st., to Orchard, past the Roman Catholic school, to Delancey and the Williamsburg Bridge plaza. The crowds there nearly filled the available standing room, and they were speedily joined by the thousands who had followed the procession from Willett st. Captain O'Connor, with every reserve policeman in service, was forced to call on the Oak st. station for assistance.

The best he could do was to prevent the crowd from following out over the bridge, where there was already on the south side a morbid crowd of curious. Held back, the crowd settled down to wait for the "Lefty Louie" funeral. All announcements that it would never come that way were received with silence and disbelief.

After an hour an obscure Italian funeral procession winding its way from the East Side to cross the bridge and go to some Long Island cemetery appeared in sight. There was a rush. Policemen were brushed aside by the sudden unanimity with which the crowd moved. Then disappointment as the true nature of the funeral was discovered; then a relapse into the previous state of waiting.

Meanwhile, the "Whitey" Lewis procession had gone on over the bridge. At the other end there was a huge outpouring. Captain Shaw and the reserves of the Bedford ave. station held them in check, however, as the hearse and two carriages passed through to the Jewish cemetery, in Maspeth.

Ten Thousand See Frank's Body.

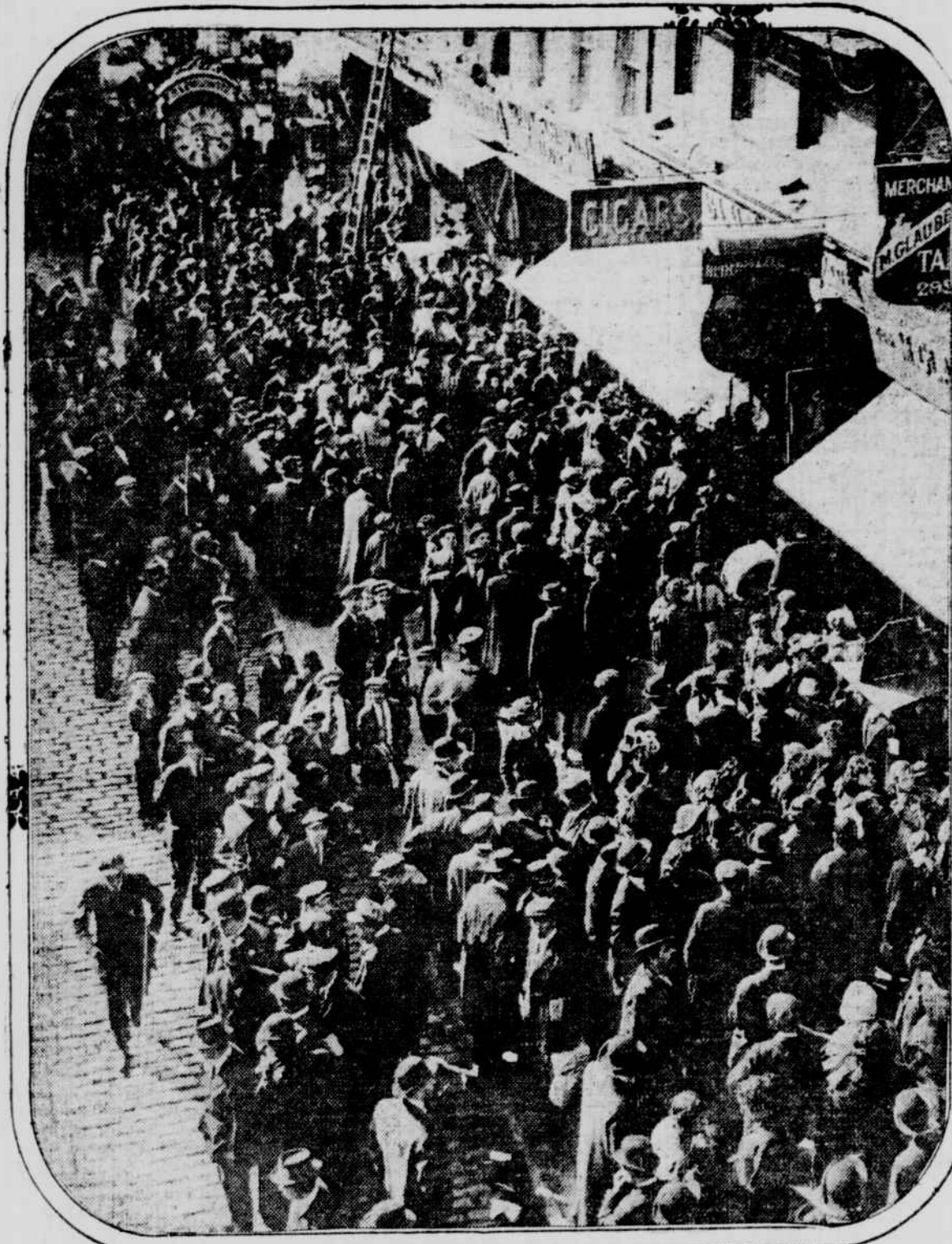
The arrival of the body of "Dago Frank" in The Bronx created only mild

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CROWD OUTSIDE HOUSE AT FUNERAL OF "WHITEY" LEWIS.



excitement. It lay last night in the undertaking shop of W. J. Boyd, at Webster ave. and 189th st. Several hundred curious gathered in the street near the shop and passed in and looked at the body, while a patrolman kept the crowd moving. According to Mr. Boyd, at least ten thousand people viewed the body during the day and evening. Apparently they went away at once, for at no time were there more than five or six hundred people in the street.

Late in the afternoon the sister and a brother, Paul, called at Boyd's shop, but neither would look at the body.

"Poor Frank," said his sister, "he couldn't have been so bad or else these people wouldn't be here."

Last evening at the Cirofici home, 360 East 18th st., Paul told inquirers that his mother called continually for Frank. "Several times this afternoon and evening I have gone to her bedside and she has peered into my face and called me by my brother's name. The doctor says she is suffering mostly from shock, but we hope she will be able to attend the funeral, which will be held here Wednesday."

The burial will be in St. Raymond's Cemetery, West Chester.

"Gyp's" Funeral To-day.

The body of Harry Horowitz ("Gyp the Blood") will be buried in Mt. Zion Cemetery, Maspeth, Long Island, this morning from the undertaking establishment of Samuel Rothchild, at 208 Lenox ave., where it arrived early yesterday morning from Ossining. There will be no services whatever. Mr. Rothchild's secretary said that the funeral procession would leave the place at 10 o'clock, but one of the policemen on guard outside said that he had had a tip that the hour would be 7.

"They want it quiet," he said. When Mrs. Horowitz, the gunman's young wife, visited the place in the afternoon she had to push her way through a large crowd of curiosity seekers that had gathered in the morbid hope that they would be allowed to view the body.

So big was the throng in the morning that Mr. Rothchild appealed to the 123d st. station, and two policemen were sent to keep the people moving. Two others came in the afternoon. Captain Garvin, of the 123d st. station, arrived about 7 o'clock and decided to keep two officers on guard all night.

In the crowd, which at times numbered more than five hundred, were not a few who had been friends of the dead man, some underworld characters, lesser lights of the gangs, and some older men and women who evidently were just old friends of the family. It was early decided not to admit people to view the body, and so the police informed all who came; but they wouldn't believe it. They clamored for admission, some who had never seen the dead man asserting that they were friends; but one and all were turned away.

His Mother Halted.

Only his wife and mother were admitted. The elder Mrs. Horowitz came in an automobile, her face hidden by a heavy black veil, a long cloak over her black dress. Leaning on the arm of a young man, who said he was a cousin of Harry Horowitz, she crossed the side-walk to the door. The policeman stopped her.

"I'm his mother," she whispered, and the policeman touched his helmet and, stepping back, let her enter. She remained inside about ten minutes. When she came out, trembling and weeping quietly, she walked over the way to the Temple Israel and stayed there for a little while.

"I have nothing to say," she said to a reporter who spoke to her. "It is over all over now." "No," to another who asked her if she knew that Frank Cirofici had made a confession declaring that her son was one of those responsible for Rosenthal's death; "no, that can't be so. As sure as there is a God in heaven it can't be so."

Neither would Horowitz's young wife believe that "Dago Frank" had made a confession, when, early in the afternoon, at her parents' home, she was shown a copy of the newspaper containing it.

"There was no confession, there was no confession," she repeated. "No, it is not true."

## VALLON AND WEBBER BLAMED FOR FIRING FATAL BULLETS

James Hepron, a Cellmate of "Whitey Lewis" in Tombs, Asserts Gunman Confided to Him the Secret of Rosenthal's Death—Lewis Aimed Over Gambler's Head Is Story.

That "Whitey" Lewis fired over the head of Herman Rosenthal when the gambler was shot as he left the Hotel Metropole and that "Bridgie" Weber and Harry Vallon fired the shots that actually killed him is a confession that Lewis made to a cell mate in the Tombs prior to being removed to the death house.

James Hepron, who occupied cell 412 in the Tombs, on a charge of grand larceny, said last night that "Whitey," who was in cell 419, became confidential, and one day, while they were exercising together in the corridors told him the story of the shooting.

"Lewis," Hepron said, "believed he would be acquitted. I told him I thought a disagreement of the jury was the best he would get, but he held hope of getting off entirely. 'I am innocent of killing Rosenthal,' he said, 'and so is Frank ('Dago Frank'). I was present when the shots were fired, but he was not."

"Whitey" told me," Hepron continued, "that Weber and Vallon were in front when Rosenthal came out of the hotel. Lewis said he had no personal grudge against Rosenthal, but Weber and Vallon seemed to have enmity toward him. They announced to the boys that they must get him by hook or crook."

"Lewis admitted he had his 'gat'—that was the word he used for revolver—in his hand, but that he did not fire at Rosenthal. He shot over his head, he said. 'I asked him why he shot at all, and he told me that Jack Rose, who engineered the plot, said each must shoot to earn his money. He said that if all five shot, any spectators would have difficulty

in knowing who had actually done the damage. 'Previous to the shooting 'Whitey' said he was with 'Lefty Louie,' Frank Vallon and Rose in Weber's place. Rose, he told me, kept playing the boys with drinks and had them 'liquored rich' when they finally decided to go to 43d st. 'I was not drunk when we approached the Metropole,' Lewis told me. 'I was not feeling well and did not care to drink much. I kept my head above water. Even then, though, I did not realize what we were about to do, and I do not think the other boys did. They seemed to feel that it was more of a lark than anything else—an attempt to scare or bluff Rosenthal. 'I gave the effect I was as much concerned as the others, for I wanted to earn the money, but I did not fire at Rosenthal. Weber and Vallon, who were in front, took deadly aim at him, and it was their bullets, I believe, which ended his life.' 'As soon as Lewis saw Rosenthal fall to the sidewalk, he told me, he realized what had been done. Rose, who had accompanied them almost to the front of the hotel, had disappeared. The others ran to the waiting automobile, in which, to 'Whitey's' astonishment, they got away."

"Whitey Lewis" did not know Becker, Hepron said he was told. He had read of his raids, but never saw him.

"When 'Whitey' left the Tombs to go to the death house he made me promise not to divulge what he had told me. I believed he might have a chance to get a lighter sentence, so I agreed."

At the Rosenberg home, 104 Perry ave. The Bronx, last night a brother of the dead man said that it was nobody's business where the body was.

At the home of "Lefty's" mother-in-law, Mrs. S. Lieben, 26 Grand st., it was said early this morning that a hasty funeral service had been arranged at his parents' home in The Bronx, and the body had then been taken to Mount Zion Cemetery in Maspeth, Long Island, where "Whitey Lewis" was also buried yesterday.

Rich Mining Man Suicide.

Invermere, B. C., April 13.—Thomas Starbird, a wealthy mining man, was found dead in bed here to-day. He killed himself by taking poison, according to the coroner's verdict. He was from Haverhill, Mass.

Lillian Bennet-Thompson contributes "Sunset," a little story of the love affair of a sweet elderly spinster, long held in abeyance after a foolish youthful lovers' quarrel, and then finally revived in after years in a strange way—in the Sunday Magazine of The Tribune, April 19.

The body of "Lefty Louie" was claimed by his father and brought to this city.

Young Widow Calm.

In the midst of it all Horowitz's pretty, dark eyed wife, looking not more than twenty years, kept entire control of herself. There was almost a smile on her face as she answered questions and helped to wait on her father, but it was evident that she was stunned by all that had happened.

About 5 o'clock Mrs. Horowitz went out, first to her mother-in-law's home, then to the undertaking establishment to view the body of her son. It was said, too, that she tried to get a rabbi to conduct her husband's funeral, but the effort was vain.

The body of "Lefty Louie" was claimed by his father and brought to this city.

## GUNMEN DIE GAME; 'DAGO FRANK' FIRST

Rosenthal's Four Slayers Executed in Sing Sing in 35 Minutes.

CIROFICI'S MOTHER FIGHTS TO THE LAST

Bids Him Goodbye Before Dawn—All Go to Chair Mumbling Prayers.

Only twelve men were left in the death house at Sing Sing yesterday. Four bodies had been taken from the prison for burial. To those twelve the passing of the gunmen was no incident to relieve the monotony of their drab prison life. As each one of the boys departed for the death chamber the twelve, whose time has not yet come, said "Goodbye" and "God bless you."

These partings came at the end of some harrowing hours. Shortly after 4 o'clock in the morning, less than two hours before her son's execution, Mrs. Cirofici and her daughter, Mary, returned from their futile attempt to win the ear and mercy of the Governor. Warden Clancy did everything possible to keep the distressed mother and sister from annoyance. He sent a carriage to meet them at the train and ordered all reporters away from the entrance to the prison.

Mrs. Cirofici was in a state bordering on collapse, and was supported into the prison. She was not taken to the death house, but was permitted to receive her boy in a room adjoining the warden's office. Mother and son spent some time together before he was led away to prepare for his end.

What occurred in that last meeting was not divulged at the prison, for at no time after Frank left them were the mother and sister in any condition to tell. They wept silently until told that the end had come. Then the daughter swooned, while her mother's shrieks sounded through the prison yard. A few hours later, almost carried out by her sons, Mrs. Cirofici left Sing Sing with her daughter and returned to New York.

This conference with Frank just before his death was the last of a series that had taken place almost daily during the week. They pleaded with him to confess, and at times it seemed as if he would say something about the case, but he was dead before anything came from him.

The last hours before the condemned men spoke in prayer. Father Cushman was with "Dago Frank," while Rabbi Goldstein and Rabbi Kopstein consoled the others. Outside the prison a cordon of guards had been established, and no one who could not show an invitation to the execution, signed by the warden, was allowed to enter the prison reservation.

As Thomas McInerney, the principal keeper, entered the death house to take the gunmen away each bade him goodbye. All shook hands with him and thanked him for the kindly way in which he had looked after them.

The order of the march to the chair was changed at the last minute. Warden Clancy had intended to leave "Whitey Lewis" to the last, but when he looked into the death chamber after Frank had gone "Whitey" was proclaiming his innocence in a loud voice and showing signs of hysteria. The warden nodded to the

guards to take "Whitey" next. After "Gyp the Blood" had gone and there were thirteen left in the death house "Lefty Louie" departed, pale but with a firm step, to face the witnesses and take his turn in the chair. He seemed to be anxious to reach the chair and have it all over with. He was the only one whom the guards did not assist.

Four times the current was sent through his body before the physicians declared him dead. His body was carried out of the death chamber at 6:15 o'clock, just thirty-five minutes after "Dago Frank" had entered.

The state electrician's coolness impressed all the witnesses. He seemed indifferent as he went about his work. His fee is \$250 for each execution. Yesterday he made \$1,000 for killing the four men who had been paid \$1,000 for killing the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, July 16, 1912.

GOVERNOR WELL GUARDED

Threats Against Glynn's Life Causes Vigilance.

Albany, April 13.—The Executive Mansion, in Eagle st., looks to-night like a commandant's quarters at an army post. Guards are patrolling the grounds, and every visitor is held up and made to explain his business before he can approach the house.

An increasing number of threats against the Governor's life, inspired by the death of the gunmen, have prompted the extra precautions. All the letters have been kept from the Executive, and he does not know that guards are circling the house to-night.

HARRY VALLON SAFE, HIS LAWYER SAYS

Attorney Scoffs at 'Dago Frank's' Statement—Sees Help for Becker.

"Dago Frank" Cirofici's statement that Harry Vallon fired at Herman Rosenthal is worthless and cannot be used against him as legal evidence," declared Bernard H. Sandler, counsel for Vallon, yesterday. "I am not surprised that he made that statement," Sandler said. "It was foretold by Vallon as soon as Charles Becker left the death house at Sing Sing. The manner in which the statement was obtained does not give it significance to be considered as legal evidence against Vallon."

The statement, Sandler declared, was not made by a person in extremis, when one had given up all hope of life because of his physical condition. "The statement was hearsay," he said, "and no doubt inspired to help Becker on his coming trial and belaud the people's case. It is significant that none of the other gunmen mentioned Vallon's name before they died, although they often spoke of him in bitter terms, holding that he was chiefly responsible for their predicament."

As to whether the guarantee of immunity given Vallon by District Attorney Whitman would hold, Sandler said he was sure his client could not be brought into the case again.

"He has testified before a grand jury and in open trial and given evidence against himself," he said. "I cannot see how the immunity contract can be broken. Not that there is any immediate likelihood of there being an attempt to do so, however, for the declaration of Cirofici is not legally binding."

At Vallon's home, 112 40th street, Flatbush, it was said last night that he went away three days ago on a business trip. Mrs. Vallon, who has been ill since early in the winter, was asleep, a nurse declared, and could not be awakened.

## BECKER IN TOMBS SILENT ON GUNMEN

Former Lieutenant Refuses to Comment on Executions in Sing Sing.

BROTHER ONLY VISITOR HE HAD

Whitman Says Confession Has No Value and Cannot Be Used in New Trial.

Ex-Lieutenant Charles Becker, in the Tombs, refused yesterday to comment on the killing of the four gunmen or the confession of "Dago Frank." He seemed to be in his usual spirits. John Becker, his brother, was his only visitor.

District Attorney Whitman did not take much stock in the confession from a legal point of view, and did not anticipate that it would figure in Becker's new trial in any way.

The confession, in the first place, is hearsay, so far as the shooting is concerned, for "Dago Frank" was not at the Metropole at the time. Furthermore, it is impossible to cross-examine the maker.

Joseph A. Shay, who has been Becker's counsel, took a similar view. Mr. Whitman was told of the confession over the long distance telephone from Albany shortly after 3 o'clock, when Mr. Delahanty, one of his assistants, informed him of it. Mr. Delahanty was much surprised to learn that the news had been in circulation here for two hours.

Mr. Shay said the confession of "Dago Frank" could have no influence in the second trial of Charles Becker further than a possible favorable influence upon public sentiment. The confession, he said, cannot be admitted into the court records.

"I do not think there is any doubt about the acquittal of Becker," Mr. Shay continued. "I have the evidence that will convince the jury in fifteen minutes that he is innocent."

Charles G. F. Wahl, counsel to the gunmen, when asked concerning the confession of "Dago Frank," said:

"I wish to thank the newspaper men for their courtesy to my partner and myself, but I must say, now, that we have no further interest in the case. The word 'Pins' has been written in our office books on this case. We are through."

## BECKER MUST FACE NEW TRIAL SOON

Ex-Police Lieutenant Charles Becker will be given a new trial within three weeks if District Attorney Whitman has his way. Mr. Whitman on Wednesday will make a motion to have the date of the new trial set down for the first Monday in May. He will not agree to a later date than the second Monday in May, it is understood.

It was reported that one of the things talked over at the conference between himself and Joseph A. Shay, Becker's counsel, yesterday was a postponement until some time in June in case there was a change in counsel. The District Attorney, it was said, would not hear of this, however.

It was said at the District Attorney's office yesterday that Mr. Whitman had received several threatening letters for his activity in the gunmen's trials.



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